

Smile

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Summary: Tracy/Link. A quiet moment between two people.

Smile

They were standing on the back stairs, leaning on their elbows against the railing, looking out at the city and the sky and the drying laundry. At least he was; she was looking at him.

A cool fall breeze caressed her cheeks, dancing in her loose hair. It made the curl over his forehead bob gently but otherwise had little effect on his smooth appearance.

He turned and caught her watching him. He smiled genuinely, a smile that lifted his cheeks and brightened his blue eyes. There was no hint of the self assured teen idol in that smile, just a guy looking at his girl and enjoying what he saw.

Of course, it wasn't that she didn't like that other smile of his, the one that he used for TV. It had the same effect on her as it did on every other girl in the city. It made her knees tremble. He called it "The Charmer."

She had laughed at the time "too long ago now to bother calculating" when he told her that his smile had a name. After a moment of nervous realization at what he had just admitted, he laughed too and proceeded to give her a showcase of every look and pose in his repertoire. She had laughed so hard she cried.

She had asked if he thought she should do the same; assemble the proper smile and look for every occasion with names and everything.

His response had been to grab her close and tell her she had better stay the same sweet, genuine girl he'd bumped into in detention and that was that. Then he had smiled this smile, the one he gave her

now; on her deck in the quickly approaching twilight.

If 'The Charmer' made her knees tremble, then this smile melted her completely. Heck, it made her disintegrate! He could probably ask anything of her when he smiled like that and she'd be hard pressed to tell him no.

"What'cha thinking about?" he asked, bringing her out of her thoughts and moving just a bit closer. She could feel his warmth and smell his scent on the soft breeze. She looked up into those blue eyes of his and smiled back sweetly.

"You," she answered softly leaning toward him ever so slightly.

"Me, huh? What a coincidence," he responded with equal softness, moving closer still.

"Yeah?" she asked sidling up a bit more.

"Yeah, because I was thinking about you," with in a moment, they were pressed up against each other; his hand resting at her waist, hers resting against his chest. He was so much taller than her, that in this position she had to really look up at him; but for some odd reason it only added to the thrill, especially when he would lift his hand to gently hold the back of her headâ€¦ like he was doing now.

"Trace?"

"Mmm?"

"I'd sure like to kiss you right now," he'd already ducked his head so that his lips were barely a breath away from hers.

"Then why are you talking so much?" she demanded in a whisper, and he laughed softly, even as his lips descended upon hers.

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End
file.